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### LITERARY.

#### A LADY'S ALBUM.

Is this age of reviews, when every author who puts forth his book, and every painter who exhibits his picture, is sure of the gratification of reading his character wherever he goes, it appears peculiarly hard that a very important description of work, which unites the beauties of them both, should be altogether neglected. I mean those excellent establishments for the encouragement of literature and the fine arts called Ladies' Albums, the rapid increase of which has done such visible wonders for the benefit of polite society. How many of the choice geniuses of the age are here indebted for their first inspiration! How many, but for this, had been compelled to remain on their perch for want of a fair field to try their wings, and how greedily will posterity scramble after gilt-edged books with golden clasps to trace the germ of the great works which have descended to them! Alas! had our grandmothers—but it cannot be helped, and every happy undertaking like the invention of Albums may cause us to lament that the world has gone on so long without it. All that we can do is to perpetuate our blessings for our children, and with this view I can do no less than encourage my fair friends in their new pursuit by reviewing all the Albums which fall in my way. I do this with the greater satisfaction as it is partly in payment of a debt of gratitude, seeing that it was in them that I myself commenced fluttering my wings, and I feel that, like the lark, whatever height I may soar I shall still look with an eye of affection to the nest from which I sprang. Most fortunately does it happen, that I have not soared too far to describe it with becoming exactness, for, if the truth must be confessed, the secret of my ability was only communicated to me last week, and the admiring reader is gazing on my first adventurous flight.

My nest—blessings on it! It was the prettiest nest that ever was made, and the bird that fostered me was a bird of Paradise. Its eyes were as blue as the heavens, and its voice was sweet as any within them. "Dear

Mr. —," it sung, "I am sure you are a poet, and therefore you must write in my Album." Alas, how could I doubt? Had such a voice assured me that I was Apollo himself I should have believed it. To drop the metaphor, which is not convenient, I took the book which was locked, as well it might where there was so much to steal, and began seriously to be daunted by its costly appearance of red morocco and emblazoned Cupids. I felt that it was only meant to receive first-rate treasures, and submitted that it was hard to expose my first attempt to such a dangerous comparison. The appeal, however, was in vain. My beauty assured me that I need fear no comparison there, and gave me, as a reward for my labours, the enviable privilege of turning over as many leaves as I pleased. I will not deny that this examination gave me a good heart, for I thought it was not impossible, after all, that I might maintain my credit respectably enough; not that the articles were indifferent, but rather that the perusal of them lighted me up with unwonted fire.

It would be difficult when staring upon the noonday to say which ray is the most beautiful or the most dazzling; and if I instance a few of my brother contributors I must not be understood as doing it with any view of settling their claims to superiority. I merely go upon the judgment of my pretty friend, who seemed anxious to direct my attention to the lucubrations of a young gentleman who screened himself from fame under the pathetic name of Alphonso. I rather suspect he was her lover, for she described him very affectionately as a melancholy youth, who had an opinion that geniuses were not long-lived, and had made his will the moment after he had composed his first stanza. I do not wonder that the piece made him low-spirited. It ran as follows:

When I am dead and wafted o'er the billow,  
To wail thine absence as the death-watch ticks,  
I'll plant the spirit of a weeping willow  
To shade my ghost, and kiss the limpid Styx.

There will I strike my visionary chord,  
In tones of pity if they may but sound,  
And mourn my body was not placed on board  
To sink the bark and let my soul be drowned.

Poor Alphonso! I doubt very much if his

plan would have succeeded, for his mistress hinted that he had been so long and so deeply in love that he was not much more substantial than a ghost as it was. To complete the interesting picture, she gave me to understand that she was sure he was a genius and wrote well, for it was generally suspected that he was a little beside himself. Indeed, what I afterwards saw seemed to bear her out in this surmise, for his sentiments were occasionally inclining to be watery, just as though they had slipped through the crack in his head, and his numbers were apt to ramble with a true maniac unsteadiness; but, as he wrote upon nothing that was not either dying or dead, the latter circumstance was considered a great merit, as he imitated the last kick to perfection.

In the next page to Alphonso and the ghost of the willow-tree, my admiration was excited by a remarkably fine spashy dashy drawing, so boldly touched that I had some difficulty in penetrating the mystery of what it meant. I was told, however, by my pretty companion, that it was an assemblage of desolate rocks and rolling clouds, with the ocean far beneath and a rude grave in the foreground, bearing the initials of the artist, and intended as an illustration of some suicidal stanzas by the same hand. This star it appeared had likewise been shining a little too near the moon, though it was affected in a different manner. Alphonso was a gentle being, and was satisfied to fade away like a dying daisy, but the suicide man was a determined misanthrope of the Byron school, and kept his friends in a turmoil lest he should wring his own neck—a blood that would have laughed Charon's boat to scorn and swam the Styx as lief as look at it. He had met with two or three disappointments in love, and had been choused out of happiness till he very properly learnt to despise it. Every thing he drew or wrote had a smack of bitterness, and was particularly fine for a bold indication of what is called free-thinking, but making designs for his grave, which were usually in cross roads, and his numerous epitaphs, of which I counted about twenty, were, out of sight, his most congenial occupation. Most willingly would I treat the reader with some of the former, but I have not yet been long enough apprenticed to my new avocation to be much of a hand at engraving, and the suicide's style is very difficult to copy. I will give one of the epitaphs, however, and welcome.

Ay, call me back to life again,  
And wash with tears my peaceful tomb—  
I cannot hear the hateful strain,  
And, if I could, I would not come.

There is something very striking in this obstinate determination expressed in such sullen brevity, and I could perceive a pensive irresolution in the eye of my young friend,

as to which of her two heroes should be sacrificed. It no doubt requires much deliberation, and I hope and trust that she will not decide hastily. I inquired after the suicide yesterday, and found that he was still living.

It was quite a relief to turn from this intense study to a series of flower-drawings by a gentle young lady who had not been prevailed upon to exhibit without great solicitation. She was, however, one of my favourite's long string of bosom friends and confidants. The sweetest sympathizer in all her cares, and unhappily attached to Alphonso, who had doomed her, like himself to a Stygian willow wreath. There was no doing without such a dear contributor as this, and, indeed, her performances were interesting to a degree. It was pleasingly melancholy to behold them. Her roses were as pale as if they had been in love themselves, and the butterflies which fluttered about them, were one and all, dying of consumptions. There was no positive colouring or touching—softness was her peculiar characteristic, and any appearance of vigour would have been rejected as absolutely indelicate. I was told that the bouquets were for the most part fashioned for the indication of some tender sentiment, or the exhibition of some beloved face which was formed by the outline of the flowers; and, after a diligent search, I found Alphonso peeping through a broken heart's-ease, and the fair artist, hard by, in a flower of loves-bleeding. There was an affecting simplicity in these conceits which perfectly atoned for the projectress's want of poetical talent. She had no particular knack at originality, though she was thought to select with great taste. She had copied all the performances of Hafiz and several privately circulated pieces, which were supposed to be the production of Lord Byron himself. I ventured to differ upon some of these, but my young friend satisfied me of their genuineness, by assuring me that they had been transcribed from an Album somewhere near Mont Blanc.

After this, I was introduced to some witty conceits by a middle aged rubicund rascal who cocked his hat and his eye, and set up for a wag. He practised chiefly in the Anacreontic line, and would have been excellent had he not sometimes been "a little too bad." His rhymes likewise were apt, occasionally, to be faulty, and he was in the habit of taking great poetical licences to bring them to bear. His style, therefore, was pronounced to be ungraceful, and my lady of the Album wished the odious creature would leave her book alone. Before I had time to become better acquainted with him, she laughed and blushed, and slapped it together, with a vow that I should not pre-

need unless I promised to pass him over. I regret that this circumstance prevents me from favouring the public with more than one stanza.

Sweet maiden, when I you behold,  
I care not that for all the world;  
Then why should hearts like ours sever?  
Forbid it love! O, never never!

Now here it may be alleged that the inversion of the first line is not elegant, and the necessity of snapping your fingers at the word "*that*," in the second, is decidedly in bad taste. "Ours," in the third line, is strained, with poetical violence, into a disyllable: the sense of the fourth is not quite apparent, and the rhyme of "world" and "behold" is unusual. Altogether, this stanza is a very fair specimen of the faults and beauties of its author.

From hence I wandered through a great many pages of excellent riddles, with which I will not treat my reader, lest he should stop to puzzle them out. Numerous copies of Madonnas and children, of which the only defect was a trifling inclination to squint, it being very difficult to make the eyes match. Wondrous landscapes, by little persons of four years old, who never learnt to draw. Autographs of John Brown and William Williams, and many other celebrated gentlemen whom I did not know, but of whose families I had often heard talk. Fac-similes of the hand-writing of Bonaparte, imitated from specimens from recollection. Striking likenesses of notorious characters, cut out in coloured paper from imagination. In short, my progress was like a ramble through some newly discovered country, where every thing is rare and riveting, and thrown in the graceful confusion in which nature delights.

When I had come to a close, my pretty friend resumed her coaxing look, and begged me to take up my pen, for she was quite sure that I should not be eclipsed; and moreover, that I should not be severely criticised. Her friends had the keenest eyes in the world for talent, and could spy it in every thing they saw; and, if her father chose to call them madmen and fools, it was a comfort to think that no one agreed with him. The command, therefore, was cheerfully obeyed, and I joined the throng of geniuses, by filling the title-page with the following appropriate dedication.

This little book, with all the prize  
Its varied page imparts;  
I dedicate to gentle eyes  
And sympathizing hearts:

Then all who bring their smile or tear  
May fearless drop the gem,  
For common sense shall ne'er come here  
To praise them or condemn.

## THE ESSAYIST.

### THE START IN LIFE.

There is a tide in the affairs of man,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted—all the voyage of his life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries

As the tone of feeling and temper of mind are greatly modified and affected by early education and society, so it has been observed, that the "start" in life generally gives a colour to a man's career, to its conclusion—till the "poor play is over." That life is a "poor" play, might admit of a cavil, perchance; but the influence ascribed to what is termed the "start" on the complexion of a man's pilgrimage through it, seems to be pretty generally conceded. And that it may possess all the influential importance it is accredited for, I do not deny or dispute; but I would incline to say, that the precise hue it may communicate to the eventual tenor of a man's conduct and views, reflections and feelings—to a man's character, it is difficult, *a priori*, to deduce from the apparent mark and likelihood displayed in his début on the world's stage. An unproductive harvest is not ever the result of an inauspicious seed-time. A lowering morning can be followed by a brilliant or a steady day. Causes do not always produce uniform effects, or the results we anticipate, and in moral things least so. In the moral world, the same cause will be followed by very opposite effects, as applied to different individuals. Thus the world is not unfrequently wrong in the conclusions it inclines to draw,—not unseldom precipitate in the opinion it is so fond of pronouncing, when it forms its judgment of youth's maturer character from the apparent, but often fallacious promise of its spring-time. Nor is the world to be accused of being too lenient,—too flatteringly prophetic, on seeing a young man, when launching into life, bend before the gale of its temptings, to a dangerous course. It is not always the ship that rocks and heels most, on first essaying her future element, that worst balances herself in "the after days of battle and nights of danger." It is not the plodding and persevering, because cold and unimpassioned boy, who keeps his uncompromising way, is at the head of his form, and seems to surpass his compeers, that always proves the better scholar, the greater genius, or the more valuable man. When we see warm-tempered, high-spirited, open-hearted youth, running full tilt at pleasure, at the outset in life, indiscreetly, nay, recklessly and imprudently plunging amid the dazzling, motley, good-and-evil-chequered scenes, which a first entrance on the



stage of society presents, it is not to be inferred that the consequences on after character always are, and must be injurious. It is hasty to prejudge—illiberal to bar hope of youth's matured worth and value of character, that it has rushed into some of those extremes which so many allurements combine to tempt into, on the foot being first placed in the arena of the world at large. Allowance must always be made for the ebullition of youthful passions and feelings. Loosed from the thralldom, as youth is apt to view it, of tutors and school-restraint,—often unwisely, because often injudiciously imposed,—the spirits warm and buoyant, and the kindly opinion of men and things glowing in all its unsophisticated freshness, where is the wonder, that freedom and novelty, and the varied objects to excite and to fascinate the young and inexperienced mind which an entrance, uncontrolled, on life is pregnant with, should produce their full effect—that the novice should be swept away by the flood of his own new and exciting sensations—should be unable, despite of precept, to resist the contagion of surrounding example? It will be evident that I glance to where life is entered on under certain fortuitous advantages. As there are various grades in society, so must the circumstances vary under which “the start” in life is made; but in all, it is accompanied with temptations to be resisted, and dangers to be surmounted. Those, however, who spring from a more advanced step in its ladder, have temptation placed before them in a greater variety of forms—displayed under more beguiling aspects; and appearing to have less necessity in one sense, to be coy to, or to shun Pleasure's embraces, present more facility to a subjugation beneath her yoke. It needs not to be told, that once within the vortex of Fashion and Dissipation, in any of their forms, it is no task of ease to escape from their intoxicating whirl—to shake off the spell they bind with. Where, then, is the wonder, that, once within its influence, youth finds it difficult to emancipate from the gilded thrall? Pleasure's stream is rapid and impatient, and hurries the adventurer on it away; allowing no time to examine or discern the ills and dangers that beset it, nor leisure to weigh the truth or falsehood, the solidity or emptiness, of the charms it affects so liberally to be decked with—the delights it would be understood to lavish with so generous a hand. Youth sees those around floating down it, the gayest in seeming, and apparently in the conviction of theirs being the best and brightest road to enjoyment. Its promise to the eye of inexperience becomes invested with an almost irresistibly captivating appearance; and the plunge once made,—once borne away on its tide ‘no wonder youth floats for a time

unresisting down its glittering, deceptive current,—remains the captive of its conjurings, even to the exclusion of every more important pursuit, the annihilation of the influence of each more serious consideration, the disregard of warning reflection. It has not been ill said, that “it is difficult to place an old head on young shoulders.” The very generosity and warmth of the virtues of a young and uncontaminated mind, contribute to array in brighter colours, and to facilitate its enrolment beneath the banners of Pleasure, (the pursuits so denominated,) to impel a deeper draught at that intoxicating fount. But it does not necessarily follow, that Pleasure's seductions will continue to blind to the unsatisfactory superficiality, to say the least, of her mere pursuits; that all prospective evidence on other true and solid foundations is blighted, because youth, at the outset, has been unable to repel her blandishments,—for a space has bent before the temptress. I hate to hear the raven-croak of evil anticipation, some are so fond of, directed towards a young man of otherwise high hopes, even when I behold him evincing exclusive devotion to Pleasure's shrine—affording countenance to its ill-omened bodings. I ever incline to trust more to the predominance of the intrinsic worth, and the brighter side of human nature, than to fear the preponderance of its weaker, or the backslidings of its darker propensities. For a time he may bow the warmest of her votaries, but it is not a consequence that an indulgence in every folly, even to an extreme, must prove inimical to the eventual formation of his character. It may; but it may have an effect very opposite. Much is dependent on the head and heart. To many, the results could not but prove injurious. With not a few it has but given a truer, a better and a richer colouring to after life. This may appear rather obscure, but will be understood. It may seem paradoxical, or be viewed as deducing an effect inconsistent on the one side, or coloured to higher importance than is warrantable on the other, than a man's mere acquaintance with, or impetuous career in extravagance, dash, riot, and revel, would seem to authorize. But the influence ascribed to the “start” must be kept in view—the stamp and complexion first impressions on life are allowed to communicate to its after career, must be looked to. An intimacy with life, in the form I am viewing it, will either render a man's temper and habits, perceptions and feelings, better and clearer than they were,—will purify them, or it will blunt, deaden, and weaken them. The weak head may become perverted, and the bad heart take a darker tinge, under the influence of the selfishness and corrupt motives and feelings which flourish in, and can be

well acquired by an intimacy with what, its mask on, seems so fair, so gay, and so open—the world of fashion and dissipation—the empire of pleasure. But in it, though there may be further means and appliances to pervert the weak, or confirm the bad, not in it only, with reference to society at large, can the former be assailed, and the latter stimulated. With much that is contemptible, and much that is dissolute, and much that is depraved, mixed up in the disposition of the circle a man must join to see and essay “life” in the form I speak of, there is more commingled of high and honourable feeling, of generous purpose, and liberal thought. But unfortunately, wherever, as there, folly and evil, in all their ramifications, are luxuriant, there is ever reason to dread for the weak head and the evil-disposed heart; for weakness and wickedness possess mutual attraction, and give mutual encouragement and support. But to leave weakness and wickedness to their fate.—The danger to be chiefly dreaded from an inveiglement into Pleasure’s toils at starting in life is this—is most extensive under this point of view. Many, seduced to taste its waters, prolong their draught, and possessing insufficient firmness of purpose and strength of mind to shake off their enervating effects, and retreat, even when, in satiety, they begin to pall upon the sense, like one overcome by some noxious exhalation, succumb the passive slaves of an existence denuded of all the better, the more substantial, and worthy ends and aims which a man, in his relations to society, can propose to himself for his own true happiness, and what is indeed in most intimate connexion with, and directly and indirectly conducive thereto, the welfare and happiness of those around him.

Here the bias communicated—the weakness originated, in an unrestrained pursuit of pleasure, on first entering on life, proves the deepest misfortune. The wretch has learnt to rightly appreciate the bubble he has too long pursued with all-eager assiduity: it has burst in his grasp, and he is sick of the vain and unsatisfying chase. He would now fondly secede from his career of folly; but, alas! habits of business, application, thought, and all the concurring advantages he possessed at the “start,” to enable him to shine in the part his station in society entitled him to play, have deserted him. It is too familiar an illustration for the subject—but he is like the mouse in the trap; he got easily in, but he cannot get out again. He has entangled himself in the labyrinth, and his wish for disentanglement is opposed, by his want of energy on the one hand, and of a clue to assist him on the other. But the sound head and heart will seldom entail so piteous a result. They will soon teach their possessor the worthlessness of mere

Pleasure’s fairest gifts—the emptiness of her brightest hours; will teach him to feel that what he follows, and has learnt to term “enjoyment,” is but its falsest shadow, cloying alike upon the taste, as dissatisfying upon reflection,—and that, in its chase, he is sacrificing all that is truly valuable and justly gratifying in aim and acquirement. The rightly-constituted heart soon learns to sigh for friends very different from the mere boon-companion of the convivial hour; to yearn for ties and attachments, warmer, purer, and sincerer, than those it meets with in the round of feather-like and deceitful fashion and folly. When a man begins so to think and feel,—to examine how far such a career has been conducive to his real happiness or interests, disenthralment from the spells of a systematic life of pleasure lingers on the threshold, and requires but small encouragement to enter. His understanding, cleared from the mist which a precipitate rush into Pleasure’s false but dazzling path had imposed, he will turn with contrasted ardour and conviction to other pursuits, that he has the knowledge of the tinsel superficiality and eye-cheating surface-glare of its promise,—that he knows the hollow heartlessness that burrows beneath all its gilded and gaudy exterior. The ordeal, too, if I may so speak, he may be considered to have passed through will be accompanied with its advantages. It can give much experience of men and things,—can purify and soften down little asperities, and correct many little faults of exterior, not intrinsic, perhaps, but best absent; can temper without blunting, and refine without weakening the sentiments and feelings. The advantages are not few to be derived from such an insight into “life,” where no embarrassment, no identification with its follies, ensue from a temporary intimacy therewith. “Knowledge of men and things exercise the relations of the sentient being: and as these relations are increased, so, generally, are his moral preceptions, ties, and obligations.” I will but farther add, in this view of the subject, that a seemingly inauspicious “start” may form but the medicine, not the poison, in regard to the eventful formation of a man’s character; which may body out the better, and clearer, and more richly-defined from his introduction to, and temporary expatiation, amid scenes where,

—in Folly’s cup still laughs the bubble joy.

From the tone and tenor of the preceding remarks, it will not be unreasonable to infer, I think, that I can be no staid, starched, illiberal-judging professor of morality, who will not make allowance for, nor in any degree overlook those venial errors,—those errors which youth, in the hey-day of the blood, will rush into. I am indeed none such. I have known life, and I know how

much occasion there is to yield a little consideration to youth. Having said this much, perchance the further reflections I am about to indulge in, as coming from the pen of one inclined to view the thing as I do, may not lose any part of the influence their trash entitles them to possess. They may appear, perhaps, rather opposed to the temper and tendency of the above, but, nevertheless, they are not less consistent. The bent and scope of my preceding view of indiscretion, or error, on the part of youth at the "start in life," and the consequences it may entail, may seem to be at variance with prudent reasoning on the one hand, and to disagree with the perspective I am about to glance at it, on the other. I may be said to have partially argued for youths' initiation into scenes of pleasure and dissipation. Not so; I but say youth will be youth, and will essay those scenes which prejudice abjures; and we must not always anticipate inimical results, because its warmth and inexperience hurry it into excesses. But while I say—make every allowance, no one deprecates the danger incurred by an uncontrolled plunge into pleasure's stream more than I do, under various aspects. Well I know, that

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,  
And those reciprocally those again.

Some—many, may essay and recover themselves, and prove at once better and wiser for the experience and conviction they have gained and felt; but in every case there is just reason to fear for the individual when all sail is hoisted in Pleasure's pursuit at the outset in life. There is ever ground to dread, lest the quicksands and rocks which bestrew its gulf may wreck youth's bark ere the pilot Reason is listened to; or that the warning may be appreciated too late to enable it to regain the fair sea of truly valuable aim and manly happiness. Youth once engulfed in Pleasure's vortex, we must trust to satiety's enforcing conviction of his having mistaken the road to happiness, and to his consequently shaking off the delusion; but its dangers, its hollowness, its insignificance, and the consequences it may carry in its train, should ever be pointed out and impressed, ere he is allowed to assume the reins of his own conduct. It may not—it will not keep youth from tasting, but it may preserve from too intemperate draughts. It ought ever to be impressed, that a man's career seldom tends, whatever his merits, to beget him esteem and respect, who herds wholly with the dissipated,—with the fluttering insect of mere fashion, or the lounging idler, whose sole aim seems how to get rid of time, apparently as valueless to himself as to others. If, to keep pace with such, it chances his expenses are at variance with his income, his next quarter ever

swallowed up before it becomes due,—bills, it may be, for wardrobe, &c., allow, to accumulate into debts of magnitude,—that man fast floats to the ocean of embarrassment. Nor can he enjoy life, although he may be said to live the life of a man of pleasure. However gaiety may seem to hover o'er "midnight hours, which now no more know former hopes of rest," his majority of hours are far from enviable, even by him who seems to move in a sphere, and to labour under difficulties and discomforts, at once very different and very trying. This is no fanciful position. How often have I known those who started with fair fortunes and high hopes, entail a blight upon their prospects, and all the discomforts, and more than the discomforts of poverty, from the poor ambition to keep pace with, and to ape some "dashing friend," whose coffers being better filled, might hold out longer, but whose satisfaction was not a whit greater than their own—known them to possess head and heart, and all the warm and gushing sensibilities, which can shed sunshine and scatter flowers upon life, and known a false "start" so tinge their future, so as to embitter deeply its cup,—and more, all the while continuing the pursuits they had involved themselves in, despising the companions they were following them with,—and yet unable, so weak is human nature, and so incompetent is man to surmount impressions once received, and habits once contracted, to shake off their fetters till they had left ever-enduring marks. The man who anticipates his income, and around whom debts are daily crowding—and young pleasure-pursuing men ever do, and must experience such result—has much to endure. He is forced to stoop to frequent shifts, and evasions, and littlenesses, and facts inflictive to his pride, which must lower him in his own eyes, and derogate from his estimation in the eyes of those who walk an honourable and uncompromising path, and this can be but little compensated for by hours of fevered gaiety and excitement, or being *tonnish*! To a man of sense, who really feels the worthlessness, the insignificance, and the ruinous consequences of such a career, but who, having got into the stream, knows not very well how to regain the bank again, and acquire former vantage ground, reflective hours must be poisonous. Once in, it requires an effort of resolution greater than may appear on a casual view, to shake off habits and propensities which have wound around one, and grown into strength; and greater still to display youthful entailed difficulties to the world, which is so ready to sneer at, and so little inclined to make allowance for indiscretion. And how many men of fine sense have we not known under the influence of the infatuation



would portray! I will end by allusion to one instance sufficiently familiar: Who but may deduce an impressive lesson from a —! The world saw in him an enlightened and comprehensive mind,—a brilliant and fascinating wit,—saw, latterly, the one weakened in its energies, the other but the flare, the glimmer of a sinking taper, until wine and the revel of boon companionship had afforded their partial and temporary stimuli. Then only his conversation, his once all-commanding colloquial powers, would begin to gleam on the darkness, the ghost of what they had been. To know such a man resorting to petty shifts to raise a wanted supply,—descending to paltry evasion to ward off some call he was unprepared to meet, and forced to shelter himself under privilege of official capacity, to avoid the just indignation of disappointed creditors, was almost a libel on human nature. And all originating in virtues which, running not, degenerated into vices—in lavish and misdirected expenditure—in an absence of all economy or proper consideration—and in cherishing an overweening and unchecked predilection for boon society. There have been more than one legislator to whom these remarks may be applied, perhaps, but to whom I point, is easy to be seen; and if not, to those who are in darkness I would wish not to lift the veil. To our pleasure's approach, to deny the excitement and vivid enjoyment that is borne on the wing of those lighter hours which seem the temporary grave of all our cares, were to run into an opposite extreme; but the mark and character of such hours must be the recreation, not the business of existence. Every man, according to his fortune and station in society, must have some higher, more solid, and important pursuit. Indeed the absence of all such, annihilating the zest, is destructive of the pleasure these hours of relaxation can so well bestow. They are no longer hours of relaxation. The man who has no pursuit, nothing to do but to search for pleasures to fill up the aching void of circling hours, will soon find pleasure to elude his grasp, the faster he would hold her; and it will be well if the only consequence is to keep him

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,  
To these, by everlasting yawn, confess  
The pains and penalties of idleness.

I have somewhere met the remark—I can pity the young fellow who floats unrepiningly down the stream of embarrassment, and who has sacrificed appearances, but preserved his honour. If he has recovered a sense of his erroneous views, in his pursuit of sublunary enjoyment, he is worthy of pity,—the misery is, conviction has come a term too late. But though the extent of a man's fortune should preserve him from the

discomforts of pecuniary embarrassment, in the mode of abusing, not using life I have been deprecating, pecuniary embarrassment must be held but the lesser evil; for, above all, let me reiterate, that such a career is neither so well calculated to yield enduring happiness, nor the gratifying respect of those around and connected with you. I will but add, it will never hand one's name to posterity,—or but in contempt, if high rank has directed the eyes of contemporaries at one for better things. 'Tis but too true that Nature owns but one aristocracy—her own.

What can ennoble sots, or fools, or cowards?  
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

CALLAD BY L. E. L.

*The Proud Ladye.*

"Oh, what could the ladye's beauty match,  
An it were not the ladye's pride;  
An hundred knights from far and near  
Woo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,  
Its lily upon her breast,  
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star  
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that woo'd for her land and gold,  
And some for her noble name,  
And more that woo'd for her loveliness:  
But her answer was still the same.

'There is a steep and lofty wall,  
Where my warders trembling stand,  
He who at speed shall ride round its height,  
For him shall be my hand.'

Many turn'd away from the deed,  
'The hope of their wooing o'er;  
But many a young knight mounted the steel  
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight,  
From a strange and far countrie,  
The steed that he rode was white as the foam  
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love,  
Now bow'd before its might,  
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain  
Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul  
By dance, song, and festival;  
At length on bended knee she pray'd  
He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her fears,  
And flung him on his steed,—  
There was not a saunt in the calendar  
That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see  
If heaven had granted her prayer.  
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,—  
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the ladye Adeline  
From her hair a jewel'd band,  
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,  
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,  
Ladye, for love of thee?  
The honour that guides the soldier's lance  
Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,  
The victor's crown to wear,  
But not in honour of the eyes  
Of any ladye there

I had a brother whom I lost  
Through thy proud crueltie,  
And far more was to me his love,  
Than woman's love can be

I came to triumph o'er the pride  
Through which that brother fell,  
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,  
And now, proud dame, farewell!

And from that hour the ladye pined,  
For love was in her heart,  
And on her slumber there came dreams  
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,  
Her cheek grew wan and pale,  
Till she hid her faded loveliness  
Beneath the sacred veil.

And she cut off her long dark hair,  
And bade the world farewell,  
And she now dwells a veiled nun  
In Saint Marie's cell.

#### STANZAS BY T. C. SMITH.

In Memory's dream of other years  
What thoughts arise!  
Life's buried bliss and woe appears,  
Like rainbows, shining through the tears  
Of summer skies.

Mute is each animating sound—  
How silent now!  
The curls that Beauty's forehead bound  
Now fling their lifeless threads around  
Death's awful brow!

The laughing cheek's warm sunny glow  
Is dim and pale!  
The bright eye answerless!—but oh,  
Grim tyrant, who would look below  
Thy sable veil?

It were a banquet for Despair  
To dwell upon:  
Wreck of the beautiful and fair,  
Life's spirit is no longer there,—  
But whither gone?

No, Memory, no! thy glowing dream  
Yields no delight.  
Avails it aught to know the stream  
Of life was gilded by a beam,  
That once was bright?

Death hurries by on pinion fleet,  
And mars each bliss;  
Dividing friends whose love was sweet,  
Perchance in other worlds to meet,  
But not in this.

Why revel, then, like bird obscene,  
Upon the dead?  
We know too well that they have been;  
And canst thou from the bosom screen  
That they are fled?

Past joy is present grief,—a flame  
Which warmeth not.  
Past sorrow like the simoom came,  
O'er hearts to wither; and its name  
Were best forgot.

Then break the spell thy hands have twined  
Around my soul.—  
Vain wish!—Death only can unbind  
That which existeth in the mind,  
And mocks control.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have just received in the hand-writing of a polished and educated lady, a defence of woman, in reply to the essay signed H. G. B. in our second number. The view of the question taken by this spirited champion of her sex, is correct. In spite of lordly philosophy and cold stoicism, a noble-minded, generous, talented, and beautiful woman, with capacity to appreciate intellect and to confide in merit, is the brightest object in all creation. These are high qualities, and consequently we seldom see them combined in one person—that they *do* exist, and that they are to be found united, we firmly believe; and fortunate are the men that win their possessors. Woman has nothing to do with the abstruse sciences, we admit; but her mind should be cultivated, her ideas should be expanded, and her taste refined; the charm of intellect should mantle the beauty of her face, and give character to her bright eye and meaning to her polished brow. Thus adorned, she deserves and will command the confidence of the honourable, the generous, and the talented among men.

Sir; the very illiberal and unjust view taken of ourselves and condition by "A Lover's Thoughts on Love," induces the temerity of this rejoinder, although the hackneyed theme of the reciprocal merits and advantages of the sexes scarcely admits discussion. That youth fancy themselves *in love*, and injudiciously bestow mistaken sensibility, or that *the author* has experienced the illusions, errors, and follies belonging to the season of immaturity, I do not doubt; I must nevertheless believe in the not unfrequent occurrence in matrimonial friendship, of an imperishable and rational affection, in support of which, on the part of feminine excellence, are comprised, beside *useful* education, sweetness of temper, and every domestic accomplishment, neatness and simplicity, good taste and feeling to appreciate a highly gifted mind, and a disposition adorned by the unstudied graces of modest intelligence and propriety: surrendering to the stage exquisite dancing and first-rate musical ability, and yielding to the coquet the arts and labours of the toilet. Such is the woman "whose price is above rubies," and whose soul, superior to the caprices of fortune,



dignifies and ennobles the object of its devotion: mutual virtue affording mutual support during this dreary sojourn, nor vainly seeking a perfection awarded only when we reach its habitations. Thrice happy she, in thus abandoning claims to an equality, as well mentally as physically forbidden, who can with grateful confidence repose upon her idol, leaving to him abstruse speculation, and recondite knowledge, proverbially unfitting even the "lords of the creation" for brotherly peace and charity, arousing baleful passions and implacable rivalries—at best a feeble glimmering, *lighting obscurity*, and pronounced a "vexation of spirit." The immortal Locke and Newton, and other great spirits, having dived deeply in its recesses, ended by confessing its vanity and poverty. A fatal preeminence, in competition with which, our author holds in light esteem, *comforts*, the *consolation* of the most exalted minds which he may look upon as *instinct*, but, which I blush to recount, are occasional and *rare blessings*—the want of which has harassed even the literary demigod, and driven weary exiles from the *purgatory*, rather than the *paradise of home*. Leave us then our most graceful prerogatives, and criticise imperfection with the leniency of *erring* humanity.—Was our philosopher "writing with his usual good sense," or indulging Utopian dreams, when he *complains of our incapacity to confer unalloyed and exclusive felicity*—evidencing man, in possession of his desires, yet still toiling for ambition, for fortune, or for fame. Must we, alas! bear censures arising from *common frailty*? Are we not told that these restless passions are implanted to show the futility of earth-born anticipation, and point to higher hopes?—that this unwearied search for happiness here forfeited, is the longing of an immortal nature, for that fullness of enjoyment reserved for a better being beyond the grave.

In what *desert* hast thou been bred—by what savage nurtured, that thou *darest* thus impugn thy chief solace and support? "Has thy cup been poisoned at its first draught?" Has destiny severed thee from maternal sympathy, sisterly friendship, and those thousand cares and tender weaknesses, sanctified by the female heart—an orphan and friendless, hast thou wept through life? if so, God shield thee. But if mere malice and wantonness inspired thy meditations, *may every evil in the shape of woman light upon thee*.—Mayest thou be ensnared by art, by folly, by a slattern, an idler, a *pedant*—the *unceasing din* of an *assassinating tongue*, and the *iron bondage of termagant fetters*. According to thy *deserts*, the *fiends* or the gods direct thee.

OCT. 1825.

For the New-York Literary Gazette.

TO JULIAN.

What though "the heart within her breast  
Is cold" and lifeless now;  
What though "the lips you've often prest,"  
Have lost their "witchery" too;  
And death's cold hand has dar'd to bind  
Beneath his grasp so bare,  
A maid "so sweet, so pure in mind,  
So lovely and so fair,"—

What though your Mary ne'er can "know  
Your fame and happiness;"  
Nor "share your fortune" here below,  
With every earthly bliss;—  
Yet hush!—her spirit all divine  
Is flutt'ring, ling'ring near;—  
A beauteous soul, resembling thine,  
That dreads to leave you here.

Held down by fond affection's tie,  
By all that's dear on earth,  
This spirit longs with you to fly  
Where bliss awaits true worth;  
Then say no more, your "peace is gone,"  
Nor that your "hopes are dead;"  
Nor sorrow thus o'er pleasures frown,  
Although her smile has fled.

For brighter smiles shall kindly beam—  
More lasting peace be given;—  
More glorious rays of hope shall gleam  
Upon the child of Heaven.  
O! may your soul such smiles receive—  
Your bosom feel such peace;  
Your heart no more in sadness grieve,  
But know true happiness.

So when the weeping willow tree  
Shall shade your narrow tomb;  
And many a friend shall mourn for thee,  
And weep to know thy doom:  
Then may this spirit, heavenly fair,  
Conduct you to your rest;  
Oh! may you dwell for ever there,  
And be with Mary blest.

IDA.

In a remarkable fine and powerful paper on the lamented decease of Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott observes, "His foot was always in the arena, his shield hung always in the lists; and although his own gigantic renown increased the difficulty of the struggle, since he could produce nothing, however great, which exceeded the public estimate of his genius, yet he advanced to the honourable contest again and again, and came always off with distinction, almost always with complete triumph. As various in composition as Shakespeare himself, (this will be admitted by all who are *acquainted* with his Don Juan,) he has embraced every topic of human life, and sounded every string on the divine harp, from its slightest to its most powerful and heart-astounding tones. There is scarcely a passion or a situation which his pen, &c. &c. His genius seemed as prolific as various. The most prodigal use did not exhaust his powers, nay, seemed rather to increase their vigour."

**New-York Literary Gazette.**

*The Army of the Revolution.*—It is not for the purpose of repeating common-place arguments on the injustice of neglecting in their age the veterans who were our nation's support in their youth, that we resume this subject. Nor is it with the hope that any change in the conduct of our government towards this class of men may arise from any arguments that might be advanced.

Distress, poverty, and desolation, when altogether unmerited, are the most eloquent pleaders with just and generous minds, and for many years the calamities of our revolutionary sires have called in vain upon their sons for relief. What would be said of an individual whose welfare, fortune, and happiness had been established by the generous and confiding friendship of another, were he to desert that friend in his adverse hour, and leave him to struggle with the storms of life, unaided and alone? Has language an epithet of scorn sufficiently expressive to brand a being so vile and so degraded? Is he not destitute of honour, of justice, of honesty, in short, of that which comprehends all these, of *principle*? By what singular logic then, do we overlook a want of principle in aggregate bodies, and condemn it in individuals? Why is the infamy of the latter a thing of indifference in the former?

At the close of the revolutionary war, the government of the United States was bankrupt. The officers and soldiers, whose affairs were generally more or less embarrassed in consequence of their absence from regular business, were paid in due-bills of the government, which instantly depreciated from fifty to ninety per cent. An officer of the staff, whose seven years' pay amounted to seven thousand dollars, received it in *continental money*, which he sold shortly after, at the highest price, and realized seven hundred. Thus he was actually paid less than two shillings and sixpence per diem, for important and distinguished services during seven years. Afterwards, this paper degenerated nearly to worthlessness. A gentleman whom we have long intimately known, and who is still living, then a colonel in the regular service, gave a dinner-party at a hotel in Williamsburg, (Virginia,) soon after the battle of Yorktown, in honour of that memo-

orable event. This party consisted of two officers besides himself. The republican landlord furnished a *royal* dinner and excellent wines. They were gentlemen, and of course neither ate nor drank to excess. For this dinner the colonel paid *four thousand five hundred dollars* of the continental money, and a French crown. Such was the value of the government's due-bills at that time.

But subsequently, the secretary of the treasury under the direction of congress, redeemed this paper, at the rate of twenty shillings in the pound. And who were the gainers? the officers and soldiers to whom it had been given in payment? No—ninety-nine in a hundred had been compelled by their necessities to part with it at fifty and ninety per cent. to a set of speculators who prowled over the land in search of gain, during those times of peril and honour, when the high-minded and the gallant were embattled for freedom and fame. These speculators became rich by the redemption of this paper, and we have seen more than one stately mansion which was founded on the necessities and distresses of the brave founders of the republic. We have more than once seen the speculator of the revolution in his costly carriage, and the soldier of the revolution bare-footed and in tatters, and we have more than once called to mind the words of the son of Sirach, "I have seen servants upon horses, and princes walking as servants upon the earth."

It is said that time subdues feelings and passions, and that hour after hour wears away the strongest emotions, as drop after drop wears away the marble. If this be so, if the noblest and most sacred feelings cannot lastingly dignify and adorn the human heart, if friendship must wither, and gratitude must fail, we can at least contemplate them in their spring, ere the object by which they are excited, is lost in distance and in time. When man first reaps the benefit of kindness, when he has just escaped from danger and death by the intervention of a protector, then, if ever, will we find him grateful. Let us apply this test to the character of our nation forty years ago. She was just released from thralldom, freedom was on her hills, and safety was in her vallies. The wounds of her defenders were not yet healed, and the plain of Yorktown

was not yet dry, when a circumstance occurred, the memory of which can never be effaced. Our congress was in session, and the situation of the army was the most important object of its consideration. Under a deep conviction of the great services, sufferings, and sacrifices of their soldiery, the members of this congress voted them half-pay for life. This was as it should be—it was honourable, it was grateful; more than all, it was *just*. And how was this act received by the people? the whole land was instantly in an uproar; the army was assailed with opprobrium and contumely; the heroes of Brandywine and Saratoga and Princeton were denounced as “the leeches, the blood-suckers of the nation,” who would drain its resources, and fatten in idleness on the industry of the community. This was the first warm gush of American gratitude!

Indignant at the reproaches of the citizens, the officers of the army assembled. They were proud and spirited men, and the high sensitive feelings of the soldier and the gentleman were roused. They resolved to relinquish the half-pay for life, and to carry about with them their poverty, as Columbus did his chains, in memorial of neglected services. Congress then voted them five years’ full pay. No man was found shameless enough to decry this measure. This five years’ pay was not advanced in money; it was paid in Pierce’s certificates of final settlements, to be redeemed whenever the government should be in funds. At the adoption of the new constitution, these certificates were funded by General Hamilton. Meanwhile the officers had been obliged by their wants to part with these as they did with the continental due-bills, at 80 and 90 per cent. and the speculators, the real “leeches and blood-suckers” again made their fortunes.

We postpone the remainder of this subject to a future number. We have yet to lift the veil from other scenes, which when exposed, will lull the loud and boastful eulogies on national gratitude, which have been shouted forth in all quarters of the republic.

*The Governor of Kentucky.*—Since the establishment of our political existence, we have generally had as governors over the respective states, men who have understood

and respected the decencies and proprieties of life, and who, if they have not been distinguished for exalted talents, have at last been noted for integrity, good sense, and good character. It has been reserved for Gov. Desha to claim the *honourable* notoriety of being the first American governor who could set at defiance every principle of justice; he has at last done something to make himself memorable, and has used the only means whereby he might ensure success. Had it not been for Baker’s murder, and the infamous circumstances attending the trial of his supposed assassin, the name of Gov. Desha might never have been ferried across the Ohio river, or smuggled through the gap in the Cumberland mountains. But his benign fate has forbidden his merits to slumber in obscurity; he has at last fought his way to notoriety, and long may he enjoy it!

There is no comparison between Gov. Desha and Gov. Troup, who has lately run the gauntlet of public satire. The latter, it is true, is fiery, hot-headed, chivalrous, and Quixotic in throwing down his gage to a power whose first movement would annihilate him; but at the same time it should be remembered that all this extravagant and irrational zeal is not for his own private interest, but for that of the state over which he presides. To any commotion that he may raise, the national executive may well apply lord Thurlow’s metaphor when his alarmed secretary roused him from sleep with the dreadful tidings that a rebellion had broken out in the isle of Wight. “Pshaw!” said his lordship, “a tempest in a tea-pot!” and after a single yawn, was again fast asleep. Gov. Troup will and must withdraw from the unprofitable contest; and we venture to predict that when his passions subside, and his natural good sense, which he certainly has, notwithstanding all his violence, resumes its sway, his errors will be forgiven, and he will be restored to the respect of the community.

But can this ever again fall to the lot of Gov. Desha? He has insulted the majesty of the law by over-awing and intimidating and corrupting its executors; he has outraged the feelings of his fellow-citizens, by trampling on their rights, and setting at naught their privileges; he has profaned the sanctity of religion, by carrying within



her walls the weapons of violence. Is such conduct to be forgotten or forgiven? If Gov. Desha's piety be so very great, and if he cannot go to church without carrying horseman's pistols in his belt openly, exposed, he had better stay at home and say his prayers in his closet. It is neither intolerance nor bigotry to exact from all men, a proper respect in their conduct for the moral feelings of the public, and a decency with regard to religion which the most profligate and abandoned infidel may observe without infringing his vaunted consistency of opinion. Let every man be entitled to think as he pleases on this highly important subject, but let no one shock and disgust the feelings of those who think differently by impudent scoffing and vulgar abuse of things which they consider sacred, and then cry out against their intolerance, when he himself is by far the most intolerant party of the two. If religion has had her fanatics, infidelity has had her bigots, quite as zealous, as vindictive, and as malignant.

If then it behooves common men to treat established opinions with decorum, how much more is it the duty of one, who from the station which he holds, necessarily influences others by his example. If, however, Gov. Desha must have the privilege of carrying fire-arms with him to church, let him issue orders at once that all the people shall do likewise; let banners wave, drums sound, and cannon roar, regularly every Sunday morning when the martial executive of Kentucky "armed and equipped as the law directs," marches forth to his public devotions.

It has been urged in extenuation of Gov. Desha's conduct, that strong parental feeling would not permit him to look on the punishment of his son. But could not his parental feeling, if public justice must yield to private interests, have permitted the law to take its course; and if an impartial jury found his son guilty, could he not have exercised his prerogative, and have pardoned the criminal! In such conduct there would have been no infringement of the laws; and perhaps the peculiarly distressing situation in which he was placed, might have excused him in the opinion of the majority.

We never admired the firmness of the Roman father, nor the patriotism of the Spartan mother. Brutus might have per-

mitted another to condemn his brave son, and the gallant Brasidas stretched on the field of honour, might well have claimed a few maternal tears. We do not wish to hold up such examples to Gov. Desha; and were we to do so, there is little danger of his imitating them. But we can tell him what he ought to do; he should let the law take its course without bias or influence: if the son be convicted, the father should resign his office, and if he can by fair means prevail upon his successor to reprieve the wretched culprit, none will condemn his paternal solicitude, how-much-so-ever they may execrate the crimes of his child.

We trust, nay, we are sure, that after his present term expires, Gov. Desha will never again fill any public office in this country. We know that there is a spirit of integrity and propriety in the citizens of Kentucky, and we know that there are men of talent amongst them who will direct that spirit against the offender, and hurl him from that eminence, the air of which is too pure for grossness and dishonour.

If any of our subscribers have not yet been supplied with the previous numbers of our paper, they are requested to send us word. Our carrier's list has been revised and corrected; but as he has been obliged to refer to the directory for the addresses of a number, and as several names are alike, he may possibly, in some instances, leave the paper at the wrong house. Any person receiving it in this manner, will be good enough to inform us, that the mistake may be corrected.

In our last number, the anecdote of the Scotch monkey, page 64, was, by an error of the type-setter, broken off in the middle. Our readers have probably ere this given up the search after its point. We subjoin the remainder.

"He was playing the cat in the fable. The raven approached him, and began nibbling at the sausages. Pug waited till he had a good bite, and then sprang up and seized his ancient tormentor. I regret to say that he was not generous to his prisoner. He plucked him all over, plume and pinion, and then let him go; but the poor bird, stript of all his sail, could make little way, and indeed was hardly able to balance himself upon his feet.

"Now began his tortures. The monkey, who could never fairly catch him before, easily overtook him, armed with his switch, which he exercised upon his unprotected flesh with such cruel perseverance, that, if Ralph's cries had not brought a labourer to his assistance, he would have fallen a victim to the barbarity of his executioner.

"I have since heard that Smalystone Tower, situated not far from Melrose, was the scene of this tragi-comedy, and that there is a curious picture representing it, in a garret at Merton-house, in that vicinity."

The New-York Literary Gazette.

*To Euthalè.*

'Tis o'er—the only tie which bound  
My heart to life is rent in twain—  
'Tis o'er—and I too soon have found  
My life hath been,—must be in vain;  
My cheek with agony is flushed,  
My sands of life are running low—  
Every fair germ of hope is crushed  
And thine the hand that gave the blow.

Yet deem not that I curse thee now,  
Though thou hast wrapped my day in ill,  
And scattered anguish on my brow,  
I love thee and I bless thee still;  
For thou hast ever been to me  
The idol of my earthly heaven,  
And ere I cease for aye to be,  
'Tis meet that thou shouldst be forgiven.

I have not wept,—I have not sighed  
Above my being's lonely wreck—  
It is not hate—it is not pride  
That serves the sigh, the tear, to check;  
It is that quiet calm despair,  
Which hath no voice its woe to tell,  
Which broods upon my breast, and there  
Mutters its dark and secret spell;  
And gnaws upon my bosom's core,  
Its writhing and its helpless prey,  
For I, alas, have lost the power  
To drive the ravenous fiend away.  
With feelings wrung and paralyzed,  
With spirit broken and unstrung,  
I touch the lyre which once I prized,  
And sing, but not as once I sung.

The strain is now forlorn and wild,  
The music of a broken heart—  
It tells of hopes which have beguiled,  
Of ties which have been torn apart—  
It breathes the dirge of happiness,  
Of wishes that were framed in vain—  
It breathes of unalloyed distress,  
The scorching fever of the brain.

'Twere something yet, could I but twine  
Some few and frail autumnal flowers  
Round feelings' desolated shrine,  
Memorials of happier hours—  
But I had placed my all on earth  
On the fond hopes thy spirit gave,  
And life hath nothing left of worth,  
No charm to wean me from the grave,  
No more—no more on me, can fall  
The freshness of affection's dew,  
Thought, fancy, feeling, fervour, all  
Are scathed and cannot bloom anew.

Though grief at times withdraws her dart,  
'Tis not to give my sorrows rest,  
The gloomier madness of the heart  
Then fiercely knocks upon my breast.

Farewell, Euthalè! be thy day  
Aye burnished by the summer sun—  
Fair be the blossoms on thy way,  
Thou best beloved and lovely one—  
The memory of what hath been  
Doth every angry thought disarm,  
And I should feel it were a sin  
To work thy gentle spirit harm! \* \* \*

AN INVOCATION.

Spirit of love! I have sought thee long,  
I have wooed thee in many an idle song;  
In the splendour of day, and the silence of night,  
In the glimmering twilight, and pale star-light,  
In my slumbering visions, and waking dreams,  
By the fresh green woods and the summer streams,  
On the brow of the hill at the break of day,  
On the sea when its waves like a mirror lay,  
In the glittering hall of the fair and young,  
In the lonely hour when the heart was wrung:  
Spirit of love! I have sought thy spell  
With a deep devotion no tongue may tell.

Spirit of love! I have found thee at last;  
Thy rainbow hues thou hast round me cast:  
Thou hast won me away from the joys of sense,  
To joys more sacred and more intense;  
Thou hast bound my brow with a wreath of flow'rs,  
Thou hast given me promise of brighter hours;  
Thou hast led me far from the wild misrule  
Of fierce ambition's noisy school;  
Thou hast made me free from the world's control,  
Thou hast rous'd into life my dormant soul;  
With a gentler heart thou hast link'd my fate,  
Thou hast ceas'd to leave me desolate.

Spirit of love! oh! rest with me,  
Nor fade like the leaf on autumnal tree!  
Oh! rest with me in the greenwood shade,  
Where a bow'r by the branching boughs is made:  
Oh! rest with me on the mountain's side,  
Where the flashing streamlets in sunshine glide:  
Oh! rest with me by the quiet lake,  
Where its rippling waves sweet music make!  
Oh! rest with me, if you wish to save  
A wounded mind from an early grave!  
Rest with me—I beseech thee, rest—  
By all the hopes that give life a zest,  
By the dreams of passion I nurs'd so long,  
By the wildest strains of the poet's song!  
Spirit of love! Oh! rest with me  
In all thy light and purity!

*Song, by Louise Stuart Costello.*

Thou wert lovely to my sight,  
When in yonder dell I found thee  
In thy radiant beauty bright,  
Though a desert spread around thee;  
Like the heath-bell's purple flower,  
Shrinking from a dewy shower.

Thou art rich in beauty yet,  
Fair as when at first I lov'd thee,  
All the snres that could beset  
Rank and splendour, since have proved thee;  
Change thy fortune as it will,  
Thou art fair and faultless still.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

*Natural productions of the South.*

FROM the Rio de la Hacha, by Mr. Isaac A. de Lima, come dried preparations of the gay and beautiful birds, called *Troupiaules*, belonging to the extensive order of the *Passeres*, the family of *Icterus*, and the genus of *Oriole*; an elegant department of the feathered race, chiefly belonging to the western hemisphere.

Also from the same quarter, the handsome pelt of a wild cat, bearing oblong blackish marks upon a yellow ground; believed to be the *Felis Serval* of Linné and Buffon, one of the long tailed species, inhabiting the forests of South America.

*Relict of the old French Bastile, or State Prison.*

The terrors and horrors of this establishment, for the detention and punishment of persons offending against the monarchy, or suspected of becoming offenders, had rendered it so odious, that in one of the early paroxysms of revolutionary effort, May 14, 1789, the massy structure was levelled with the ground. But, although the reformers demolished the edifice, they did not annihilate the materials of which it was built. Part of the undisturbed foundation remained for years in *statu quo*, and the disrupted and forlorn fragments, (*dissecta membra*) were thrown irregularly over the adjoining surface. Antiquaries and sentimentalists, who went there during the time alluded to, enjoyed fair opportunities of picking up something that might, by association of ideas, gratify friends, or enrich museums.

From Philetus Havens, Esq., who made, some years ago, an extensive and interesting tour in Europe, comes a fragment of rock, obtained by his own hands in the year 1803, from the ruins of the Bastile. The company viewed it with a mixture of pride and admiration. It ought, said they, to have been placed near the key of that civic fortress, sent to Washington by La Fayette, and kept as a precious relict in the Mount-Vernon House. It was replied, that New-York was as emulous of honourable distinction as any State in the union, and if any citizen wished to view a stone of the abominable structure, a fair sample was ready to be exhibited.

The specimen brought by Mr. H., was referred to a committee for examination, whose report is substantially as follows: viz,

It appears to be a fragment of the rock itself, and not of the cement by which the stones were connected. Is of the class of calcareous carbonates, inasmuch as it dissolves like marble, readily and almost entirely in vinegar, with a copious extrication of air bubbles. Contains plain impressions of animal shells, the principal part of which are spiral univalves, apparently of the *turbo* or *screw* family. It is very compact, and contains many coarse particles distributed through it, with an admixture of iron oxyd. Indeed, did not the shells lead to a different conclusion, the article might pass for very solid and adhesive mortar. As it now appears, it would seem to be a portion of that secondary or alluvial deposit, constituting the basin of the Seine, where Paris stands, called coarse marine lime-stone, overlaying the chalk, abounding with organic remains, and described with geognostic and scientific accuracy, by Messrs. Brongniart and Cuvier.

It was voted that thanks be conveyed to the donor, and that his offering be placed near specimens of a similar class, in the museum.

*Linné, the great Swedish Naturalist.*

By the hand of Daniel M. Hitchcock, M. D. is produced the elegant portrait, engraved in London by Heath, of this distinguished and pre-eminent man. It is in profile, showing exactly the facial line. The head is covered with a peruke, adorned according to the fashion of the time when the portrait was painted, with toupee and curls in the most approved stile. The emblem of the polar star decorates the left breast, while the North American plant, a hardy inhabitant of the higher latitudes, named from him *Linnaea*, and from its locality *borealis*, springs up as in living luxuriance, and approaches the chin. Below is the coat of arms, with the memorable scroll containing the words, *Deus creavit, Linnaeus disposuit*. Thankful acknowledgment ordered to the donor, and a place in the gallery, which is honoured by a group of the likenesses of Lavoisier, Priestly, Carnot, Humboldt, Franklin, Cullen, Brown, and others, for the picture. The entertainer



remembers a number of these worthies, several of whom were his friends and instructors, especially the two latter.

*The Mammee fruit of the tropic.*

The fruit of the *Mammæa*, which rarely reaches New-York, was produced by Mr. John B. Thorp, who had received it from South America. It was as large as a small shaddock, and on being cut, was found to be constituted very much like the pavy or cling-stone peach, though often with more kernels or stones than one. The pericarp is consequently of the kind termed by botanists, a *drupe*, peculiar to what is called *stone-fruit*. The slices of the pulp were handed round for tasting; and the kernel reserved for one of the horticultural gentlemen to plant, and rear in his hot house.

See Vahl, Jacquin, Sloane, and Persoon. *Mammea Americana*, 1 species, growing in Hispaniola, Jamaica, and the adjacent regions, as a high tree, and bearing a yellow fruit as big as a child's head, of a most agreeable flavour. Cl. Polyandria. order 1. gyn.

*Natural bombs of Maryland.*

One of the remarkable properties of iron, is that of agglutinating and cementing mineral substances. So well is it known that many natural productions owe their consolidation and hardness to the presence of this metal, mostly in the form of oxyd, that the borings and filings of iron, are frequently mingled intentionally and by art, with cements, to render them harder and more tenacious. Among other modifications of the very numerous iron ores, are those masses or balls, denominated *breccias* and *geodes*. The latter of these is frequently a kernel, or core of sandy, soft, or powdery matter, surrounded by a dense, compact, and sometimes exceedingly solid shell, consisting of several concentric coats or layers. Many of these geodic globes have been found near Bladensburg, of about the size of middling apples. The firm and concentric crusts of these are filled with whitish sand, as appeared by the experiment of breaking. It is reported there is water enough embodied with the loose contents, to burst the enclosure, however stout, when the ball is thrown into a hot fire, and kept

there long enough to convert it into elastic steam. Hence the name that has been bestowed upon them of natural bombs, exploding under proper circumstances, without any artificial preparation.

Such are described by the eminent and learned John Haywood, in his history of Tennessee, published at Nashville in 1823, and since, of which two volumes were laid on the table. The first contains the *natural* and *aboriginal* history; and the second the *civil* and *political* history of that respectable and growing state. In the prior book, page 27, he treats of the volcanic formations in the commonwealth to which he belongs, describes these things (the rounded articles) as originating from subterranean fires, and speculates on their origin and constitution.

Several such metalico-earthly spheres, were brought from Washington city, of the magnitude of 12lb. shot, or thereabout. They had been ploughed up in the soil, and looked so rusty and ferruginous, that they might well enough have been considered bullets under decay or decomposition. By breaking, however, there was a very strong box in concentric layers, of the argillaceous oxyd of iron, associated by a powerful affinity with quartz sand, and within that globular case or enclosure, several ounces of a reddish powder, resembling Spanish brown, and consisting of fine sand, thin flakes of mica and the oxyd of iron, in a condition from some cause not perfectly understood, not favourable to consolidation.

These singular productions have been compared to round eggs, with shells investing their yolks, &c; and continue good subjects for the *Plutonic* and *Neptunian* geologists, to adduce in illustrating their hypotheses in favour of the agency of *fire*, or of *water*, in producing the present constitution of the earth we inhabit.

A discovery has recently been made, in an Abbey of Benedictine friars in Italy, of several musical instruments, which have been found to belong to the ages of the Low-Empire. Among them is a *cithara*, made of ivory, with strings of gold wire mounted with clusters of diamonds in the form of a rose. There is also an antique tabour-pipe, to which several rare and valuable medals are suspended.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE POET BURNS.

BURNS had his faults, both as a man and a poet; though the former of these will be "burnt and purged away," from the recollection of posterity, by the intense admiration felt for his genius. As a man, he unquestionably had a proclivity to sensual pleasures. In his poetry there is much gratuitous coarseness; and the independence which he displays, though certainly real and sincere, has much the air of dogged and invidious sullenness. His epigrams, too, are far beneath par. We are not aware that any of his biographers have stated, what we know to be a fact, that he once conceived a passion for the writings of Martial, and hence was led into occasional attempts at imitation. But Burns had not the faculty of wit in any perfection; his humour was rich and broad beyond comparison; he could flash withering and deadly scorn upon meanness, and lash hypocrisy into mortal agonies with the thongs of ridicule and sarcasm; but in wit, as we have said, he was really defective;—and hence we find, in his epigrammatic poetry, endeavours to communicate to it a preternatural strength, by frequent references to subjects which are starting to frail mortality.

One other remark, regarding the writings of this illustrious man. An action may be highly praiseworthy in itself, and yet attended with some bad, along with many good consequences. The services which Burns rendered to the cause of rational religion, in the war which he waged against pseudo-piety and fanaticism, were invaluable; and, but for him and Byron, hypocrisy and humbug, both political and religious, might, ere this, have been all-triumphant. But, as with some, the outward show and trappings of piety are mistaken for the substance, so, by others, a hostility to such show and trappings is mistaken for an impious spirit; and it has so happened, that, while the great body of hypocrites have found it their interest to represent Burns as an anti-religionist, the profligate and shallow-minded are well disposed to consider him in that light.

ITALY.—Among other discoveries of a very recent description, which present the beautiful forms of antiquity in their brilliant and vivid varieties, the antiquary enjoys the pleasure of contemplating the first military column placed in the centre of the Roman empire, long sought for, and now only brought to light. This was found in the excavations for exploring the site of the ancient Forum, conducted by the Abbé C. Fea. The Abbé holds out hopes of entirely clearing the Forum. Should this be accomplish-

ed, the learned will hail the discoverer as with a kind of apotheosis; and Fame will doubtless adorn his head with a garland of glory.

Broken metaphors are not less laughable than ludicrous games of cross-purposes; and the risible public are much indebted to the editor of a loyal journal, who lately informed them that the radicals, by throwing off the mask, had at last shown the cloven foot; congratulated his readers that the hydra-head of faction had received a good rap upon the knuckles; and maintained that a certain reformer was only a hypocritical pretender to charity, who, whenever he saw a beggar, put his hand in his breeches pocket, like a crocodile, but was only actuated by ostentation. While we are upon this subject, let us not forget our obligations to the country curate, who desired his flock to admire the miraculous force which enabled Sampson to put a thousand Philistines to the sword with the jaw-bone of an ass: nor let us pass over the worthy squire, who being asked by his cook in what way the sturgeon should be dressed, which he had received as a present, desired her to make it into à-la-mode beef; and upon another occasion, when interrogated whether he would have the mutton boiled or roasted, or how? replied, "slow—and let it be well done."

"When Jupiter solemnized the feast of his nuptials, and all the animals made donations, Juno missed the sheep.

"Where is the sheep?" inquired the goddess. "Why is the pious sheep so tardy in his offering?" The dog started up and said, "Be not angry goddess, I this day saw the sheep, which grieved and wept bitterly."

"And wherefore wept the sheep?" exclaimed the goddess, already moved with pity.

"It thus exclaimed," returned the dog: "Poor as I am, I have at present neither wool nor milk, what shall I offer to Jupiter? Can I alone appear before him without a gift? I will repair to the shepherd, and request him rather to offer up myself as a sacrifice."

"At this moment the smoke of the sacrificed sheep ascended with grateful odour to Jupiter, and penetrated through the clouds, bearing the prayers of the shepherd.

"Juno would, for the first time have shed tears could tears bedew immortal eyes."—*From the German of Lessing.*

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